"I don't think he'd have let us forget that," d another man.

The doctor held out his peaked white cap, and coin was slipped into it, other silver pieces llowing. Luiz tumbled the little heap from his own palm to his pocket; and its entry there t smiles rippling over his face, as a stone rown into water sends ripples to distant parts. touched his ragged straw, and clambered wn the side again into his boat.

I waited until later in the afternoon, when ople began to come back to the ship, bearing nit and deck-chairs and flowers, and then, at signal for departure I went ashore. I went art, among the trees; and by-and-by Luiz came olling up, swinging a green switch against the nks as he walked, and twisting a cigarette in corner of his mouth.

"Hullo, Jose!" he said awkwardly.

"Hullo!" I answered.

"Have some of this," he said jerkily. He put hand into his trousers' pocket, and dived about r a minute, and then brought out a bar of gar-candy. Some scraps of paper had stuck to and bits of fluff from his pocket; but he picked se off, and it looked good.

"I am not very well. I have a headache," I id; but I looked at the sweet.

"I think it is good for headaches. I bought for you."

I filled my mouth with it. It was very nice, d I liked Luiz better; for he seemed quiet and eek, not as he was generally.

"Luiz," I spluttered at last, munching and suck- g at the sweet.

"Yes, Jose," answered Luiz, nervously.

"Do you know what the sky looks like to- ght? The blood of killed pigs! You are not od at the killing of pigs, Luiz—not so good the men on the beach. Why did you let me me up again? And what was the thing that saw—like milk spilt in the water?"

We walked on slowly, side by side, and for a g time Luiz did not answer. Then at last he rked out all that had happened.

For a long time he had meant to kill me under e sea, and had carried a little knife hidden in e band of his drawers to use when the chance me. But he had not many chances, and once twice his heart failed him at the moment. hen I clambered on to the deck to dive for the e shillings, he knew that the time had come, d under the vessel's hull he struck at me— ce, and twice. But I was slippery as an eel, d struggled; and he did little harm.

"And then, Jose," he said, "just as I was go- g to hit you for the last time, the 'urgamanta' ught you in its flaps; and I struck at him in- ead. I don't know why I didn't let him finish, just cut and hacked away at the part that held ou; and then we came to the surface. I was most gone myself; and you were almost done r without the 'urgamanta.' You couldn't have me up alone."

"This sweet is very nice, Luiz," I said. But at was not what I had thought of saying.

"I bought it with the money they gave me for ving you," he answered. "You—you——" he ammered, and gave a little sigh; then he spoke l of a rush, "You ought to have half of it. Then took a lot of silver from his pocket hurriedly; t he counted it slowly and lovingly, and I was raid he was going to put it back again. But at st he gave me the half.

"Luiz," I said then, though I had been trying t to say it, 'you look strong and bold, and— d—rather savage. I look quiet and meek and elancholy. That's how I get more than you hen we dive for sixpences."

"Yes?" said Luiz, wondering.

"When the next ship comes, we will be part- rs," I said. "I will stop at the back, looking elancholy, and the people will throw me money. hen you must pounce on it, and get it away from my hands. I will let you take it, and will cry. The English people will see that, and will hate you and like me and throw more and more. Then we will meet in the market-place and divide the money."

"Yes," said Luiz, "that will be good. We shall make more, much more, like that."

And we began talking about it loudly, feeling very pleased; and suddenly we walked right into two men who were going towards the town.

"Hullo!" said one.

He laughed, and I saw that it was the bearded Englishman.

"What's happened, Luiz?"

We were under the light of a lamp, and I saw that it was Senhor Martin, the American, who lives at the big house on the New Road. Luiz's father is his gardener.

"Why," said the Englishman, "these are the two boys I was telling you about. You might ask what really happened under the ship. One didn't understand English, and this boy here was too bad to understand even his mother tongue."

Senhor Martin looked puzzled. "But this boy Luiz understands English well enough," he said. Then he turned to Luiz, and spoke in Portu guese; and Luiz answered gravely and rather sullenly.

"He says it was an 'urgamanta,' said Senhor Martin, turning to his friend, and laughing. "The diving-boys here have a wonderful story of a beast that lies on its back, and catches boys in its flaps, and drags them to the bottom. The only thing I know that floats on its back like that floats on its back like that is the 'sapo grande'—big toad-fish, you know; they call it that because it has warts on its nose, and blows itself out like a balloon; but I think they're harmless enough with human beings. I expect it was an octopus, or some kind of cephalopodic thing, or possibly only seaweed. But how was it you had the knife v ith you, eh?"

Luiz muttered some excuse; and the two men walked, laughing, toward the English Club, for their coffee.

Luiz and I went to our homes, and to bed.

And that night I dreamed, not of killed pigs, but of cakes, and fruit, and sweets, and piles of shining sixpences.

LUCIAN SORREL.

(In Chapman's Magazine.)

## Diamond Head.

DIAMOND HEAD is perhaps the best known feature of this island. Everybody knows it, the passing tourist, the casual visitor. They sketch it, kodak it, buy paintings of it and when they get back home rave about it. It is quite a usual thing on an incoming boat to hear, as the bold headland looms up and the Captain points it out to his fau charges. "Oh, yes, Diamond Head. I've heard of that before."

Mark Twain eulogises it in his late book "Following the Equator" praises Diamond Head and doesn't say a word about the cats, but then he didn't come ashore the last time, otherwise he must have reverted to his old friends the cats. Aside from Twain's and other novelists' recommendations, Diamond Head is one of the most striking promontories in the world. From shore or sea, glowing in the rays of sunset—gray at sunrise, or dusky purple at night it's bold rock ribbed outlines stamp themselves indelibly on the memory; though of the many who admire it, there are few who care to climb. "It must be a lovely view from the top," said one fair visitor who graced our isle this summer, "let's make up a party and climb it." But they didn't. It doesn't look easy from the lanai of the Hawaiian Hotel annex and by the time you get to the light-house the spurs of the Head look very long and steep and many an enthusiastic group of climbers have felt their courage ooze out of their toes and gone for a dip instead. That is the ladies, and the gentlemen of course kept with their fair companions.

It isn't an easy climb for ladies or even men, the distance is not so long nor the danger great but the wind and the crumbling coral present difficulties that make the trip tiresome. The shore side of the Head has shorter and easier slopes, but it's a long way round. Still the game is "worth the candle," there is a splendid view from the flagstaff and the old crater is well worth a visit. The chief essentials are old clothes, stout nailed boots, for the rocks are sharp and slippery, and a sure foot. The writer has climbed in many countries and on many ranges and has reached the point where he does not consider it an ignominy to clamber on all fours; this position will be found a wise precaution in places on Diamond Head. Another good idea is to stick to a trail going up and not to leave it coming down. Don't be tempted by the hollows between the ribs where the dry bed of a torrent has once whirled and surged, leaving a tempting looking path to the bottom. Don't tackle it, stick to the ridge, the gully looks short and it looks easy from the top and not impracticable from the bottom. Half way down though, you come across precipices, miniature indeed, but none too easy. This is a warning from experience.

The gully is perhaps three or four feet wide and the precipice ten feet high, all of which sounds easy in print, but;—you are standing, or rather supporting yourself on a slope of decomposed rock that breaks away in litle cubes at the touch; the place where you are to land at the bottom of the drop is another slope ready to slide away under your feet. You sit on the edge of the dry fall and spread-eagle yourself across the gulch. If you are a woman you wish you hadn't come, if a man you talk to yourself and jolly yourself along at being afraid of a little thing like that. Finally you slip over the edge and—zip!—you reach the bottom in a most ungainly sitting pose, hastily taken to save yourself from incontinently proceeding to sea level. The skin on ankles and elbows has gone and most important point of all—you can't get back. Then the rest of the party silhouette themselves against the sky coming down the ridge, laughing and having a good time and you duck your head, lest they should see you, though you know they couldn't see a giraffe in the beautiful little trap you find yourself in. Finally you reach the end of the "short cut," bruised physically and perhaps mentally, according to your sense of humor as applied against yourself. The rest of the folks are wondering what kept you so long and you murmur something about "looking for specimens" and don't go in bathing until after dark, when the tonic of the surf finds out your sore spots and relieves your stiffness at the same time. There is a trail leading up directly from the lighthouse that is the shortest ascent and practical enough with a stiff little scramble just before you reach the crest, or there is a longer and easier way round up the next rib eastward. The old axiom of "facilis descensus est" is reversed on Diamond Head. Coming down needs as much care as going up. The chief difficulty in both cases is the extreme brittleness of the rock and the lack of bushes or grass to lend a helping hand.